

THE

13.

CABAL

OF

ROMISH GHOSTS,

AND

MORTALS:

OR, THE

DEVIL DECEIV'D,

AND THE

SICK POPE.

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L O N D O N :

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[२५]

TO THE  
Jocose, or Serious,  
R E A D E R.

**M**ost moderate Papists, I imagine, (as they believe) so they abhor the Trans-  
actions of this Age : When the simple Vulgar of that Sect, (being egg'd on  
by the florid Documents of the Romish Clergy) are so wedded to their Opi-  
nions, that they dare not trust their Eye-sight, nor Sense, in what they actually and  
really behold and comprehend. They do not look through magnifying Glasses, but ra-  
ther through such Glasses, as make Objects appear less than they in reality are. They  
will more safely believe, an Image spoke, or that the consecrated Waser in the Eucha-  
rist, leapt out of the Priest's Hands, because he was a wicked Fellow, than to give  
credit to the abominable Births, brought lately forth from their Church in this Age.  
This Dialogue, I believe, because it is a little Drolling, may by some be disliked.  
Some will say perhaps, 'tis only a Flash in a Pan, that it is no serious Argumentati-  
on against the Romanists, but like the burning of a Paste-board Pope, on a Gunpow-  
der-Treason. To that I Answer, That from this Dialogue a serious Argument  
might be made, and that though it may be Drollery, yet there may be some Truth in  
it. It is, I confess, a Medley of Ghosts and Mortals; but by an impartial Reader,  
some Reason may be picked from it, and a Man may easily create to himself a belief,  
that it is a Religion grounded altogether upon Policy, to fatten the Clergy, impoverish  
the Laity, and fill the Pope's Exchequer. As for Example: A Priest shall come  
to you, when you are almost at the point of Death, shall terrifie you, by a subtil Elo-  
quence, with the dreadful pains of Purgatory; and if you are a Man of an Estate,  
and of a weak-believing Capacity, you will willingly give half your Estate to the  
Church, to be freed from those dreadful Torments. This is one way they greaze them-  
selves by, besides by many more Exactions, Pardons, Absolutions, &c. which would  
be too long to insert in an Epistle, or Preface. I shall conclude with Democrates  
Junior, in the old Edition, Page 648. Above all others, saith he, that High-Priest  
of Rome, the Dam of that monstrous and superstitious Brood, the Bull-bellowing  
Pope, which now rageth in the West, that three-headed *Cerberus*, hath play'd  
his part, whose Religion at this day is meer Policy, a State wholly composed of  
Superstition and Wit, and needs nothing but Wit and Superstition to maintain  
it, that useth Colledges and Religious Houses, to as good purpose, as Forts and  
Castles, and doth more at this day by a company of scribbling Parasites, zealous  
Anachorites, hypocritical Confessors, and those Pretorian Souldiers his *Janiza-  
ry* Jesuits, than by any thing more sound and substantial.

The Names of the Persons contained in this Dialogue, are here under inserted.

The Ghost of { Cardinal *Woolsey*.  
                  { *Ravilliack*.  
                  { *England's Guardian-Angel*.  
                  { *Lucifer*.

Mortals { *The Pope*.  
          { *A Jesuit*.  
          { *A Traveller*.

The



## The DEVIL Deceived,

O R

## The Sick P O P E.

**H**IS Holiness was in private, and in a melancholy Disposition, censuring the long stay of his Infernal Envoy, whom he had sent for England, to collogue that perverse Nation to return to Mother-Church, when an unexpected darkness o'respread the Air; and thereupon came one immediately into his presence, habited like a Cardinal, with whom the Pope had the ensuing Conference.

*Pope.* Who art thou, and whence dost thou come?

*Cardinal.* When I lived in the World, *England* was the Soyl of my Nativity and Residence, where I was a Cardinal; and my Ambition had almost raised me to the Dignity thou enjoyest. I had hoarded, being withal Husband good enough, to keep what I stole from the King my Master, and the Commonwealth, against I came to the Popedom. And as I had Ambition enough in me, to aim at a Mark so high, so was I not without the excellent Qualities of Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocrisie, nay all, or rather more than all the Perfections, that are requisite to make a compleat Pope. I brought my self withal to that incomparable pitch of Pride, as to contemn my Lord and Sovereign: He was titularly King, while I began to make my self actually so, thereby shewing my self to have had some skill in the Art of Ingratitude; (he that will be a Pope, can never be esteemed infallible, without that excellent Quality.) When at length my too insolent Behaviour, made my Design have a very ill scent, insomuch that most of the Courtiers begun to stop their Noses, when I was near any of them; till at length that sneering jesting Rogue, *Will. Summers*, with some more of his Confederates, made not only a full Relation of my whole Plot to the King, but discovered likewise all the Treasure I had been so many years hoarding. Whereupon I was immediately cast out of his favour, and banished the Court; when I broke my heart, and with me, all my high Designs, Plottings and Contrivances, died.

*Pope.* Oh ho! Thou art the rich *English* Cardinal, that through an holy, as well as self-interested zeal, had almost moulded thy Plot to its most perfect form, when an adverse Fate broke thy pious Intentions. I love and honour thy Memory, for the great reach thou hadst in all humane Affairs, and for the Care thou didst take to propagate the Interest of the Church.

*Card.* I am your Holiness's most humble Servant, and in this bodiless Being am come from, the shady Territories, to pay you my most dutiful Respects, having withal understood, from some Infernal Ministers employed in my Service, how affectionate your Intentions are at this Juncture of time, to our *Syagian* Prince, manifested in your Endeavour on Earth, to advance yours and your Creatures Interests, by extirpating Root and Branch, (with the Trap of Dissimulation, and the edge of a well-prepared Sword) the abominable Hereticks of *Great Britain*. The Care of his Infernal Majesty in this Affair, I doubt not but you have sufficiently experienced, since he hath condescended to set all the Engines in his diabolical Dominions at work, to encourage so worthy a Design.

*Pope.* My Thanks are too poor an acknowledgment, of this kind and unexpected Visit from you, more especially now my Head is filled with the Fumes of so dark a Melancholy, expecting the Return of your Black Monarch, who

was pleased to stoop to so low a step of Humility, (a Quality, I dare be bold to say, not agreeing with his Nature) as to Post my Envoy into *England*, where I sent him (knowing him to be a fleet Messenger) to see if the Plot was near accomplished. He had been there five or six times before, but did not make a stay so long as he hath now done; but at those times, with the best Documents of Vertue he had, he did, by my Instigation, and my Cabal of Jesuits, held there and at *St. Omers*, corrupt not only a great many of the Vulgar, whom he polished with the glitterings of Sense-pleasing Idolatry, but likewise others of eminent Quality, whom he hath cunningly drawn into the Plot, and since hath in his Princely Courtesie listed some of them in his Roll of Damnation. But his too long absence hath rendred me not only impatient, but hath wrought in me so strong a Purge, that *Barbadoes* Nuts are stoppers to it. I have sate this 24 hours upon an indulgent Close-stool, and have likewise had some Sweats with over-straining, and one day some of my Guts did most inhumanely peep through my Posteriors: Grant, kind *Iucifer*, this be not as ominous, as it is painful to me.

*Card.* I beseech your Holiness to be of good Cheer; there can be nothing ominous to you. Don't you know that your States-men, the Jesuits, will pretend to control Fate it self, and strive against Omnipotency? If you know this, you will be comforted; if you don't, you must not be angry at the expression, if I tell you, you are a very ignorant Pope. But I love you more than I can utter, for the Care you take to keep up, and improve the Interest of the Church. What if you do support it by Treasons and Murthers; is it not the Church your Care is upon? What must not be done for the sake of a Church, especially a Church built upon such splendid Principles as yours is? I could almost embrace you; but as you have a Sense deep enough to know, that what seems in me to be Substance, is a Composition of Air, you will, I hope, pardon me. But now I have been talking to you of Air and a Church, what do you think the Hereticks that live in *England* say of us Papists?

*Pope.* Pray let me hear it.

*Card.* That the Religion or Church whereof you are the Head, is a Being without Substance, like my self.

*Pope.* Impudence, Impudence, Impudence! A Scandal, as I live; a meer Scandal to the Holy Church; but they will ever be prating. A zealous Catholick cannot now in his Ordure, evacuate so much as an Enigmatical Mass-Book, or a Fraudulent Image, but it's presently discovered, though he don't so much as whisper it in the Ear of a silver Crucifix, a Jesuit Dormant, or a Nun Couchant, when a devout Frier is listning to her Confession.

*Card.* So it was when I lived in the World; they did ever abuse us, and misconstrue our sacred Intentions. But how does your Holiness now feel your self? Have you yet no stoppage of this violent Looseness?

*Pope.* No, nor shall not, till my industrious *Demon* returns with cheerful News from *England*: Oh! if I could but turn that Heretical Kingdom topsy-turvy, the very pleasure that would fill my heart, which would without a further miracle instantly work a Cure in me. But I fear this rigid Distemper presageth a contrary Effect; if so, all future Plots against that Nation must die, and it will almost begin to make me believe, that some unknown Power protects it, expressly to disturb my repose, and the little diabolical Instruments I have set to work. I have raised Commotions in that spot of Ground, fill'd the Brains of the People full of Fears and Jealousies, and have even been ready to set all together by the Ears. The Plot, my Jesuits, together with my infernal Emissaries, are now at work about. When I perceived that every ones Nose begun to discover a rank scent of it, I caused them to broach Rumours abroad, that there was no such thing, and in fine per-

perswaded many People to give no credit to their Eye-sight : And truly whether it was out of complacency, or whether their Eyes were dim, indeed the most part were so credulous to believe this politick Report for a truth, notwithstanding our Endeavours in the interim to set *London* once more in a Flame, as well as the whole Nation——

*Card.* Thou art an exquisite Pope : This was an incomparable beginning ; but how far did you proceed ?

*Pope.* And when any House was fired, to clear us from Suspicion, we whispered it abroad for an Accident, colouring it with plausible Stories ; and thus it was for the most part stifled. At length my Worthy Friend, Prince *Lucifer*, whisking through the Air, comes in at my Window in great haste, and told me, They had made a hopeful beginning already, for one of their Justices of the Peace, a too-forward Man in searching into the depth of our Mysteries, we have honourably, and with our usual decency, dispatched. I was glad to hear this, and thereupon sent him instantly away again, (not giving him time to comfort himself with a Glass of Sack and a Crust) to know what further Effect this had wrought : And for his Answer, I have now waited longer than usual, and during his absence, have got this fierce Looseness.

*Card.* I pity your Holiness, and fear indeed this Distemper may prove ominous to your pious Undertakings : However you know, when I lived in the World, in the Quality of a Cardinal, I was esteemed a Person as learned as politick : My Studies were deep in all Arts and Sciences ; among others, I acquired no mean knowledge in Physick. Now since I have been freed from the gross Covering of a Body, the Vertues of Herbs, Plants, Minerals, all sorts of Creatures, as well Men, as Birds and Beasts, the four Elements, the Stars and Planets, are discovered to me in a more pure manner, than when I lived in the Flesh, and I can as aptly apply and use them ; this is the Nature of Etherial Beings. Now if your Holiness thinks fit to make use of what I shall prescribe to you, I will give you a Receipt, whereby your Looseness may be stopp'd.

*Pope.* I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship, and in returning you my thanks, will give an attentive Ear to this sovereign Remedy.

*Card.* You must take two handfuls of the Powder of Humility, put it into the clear Water of Truth, distilled from the Alembick of Purity, there let it dissolve, till some gross Lumps of Superstition and Tyranny disappear ; then melt down your Triple Crown, and cause it to be curiously wrought or formed into a mysterious Chafing-dish, on which you must put this Cordial, in order to be kept continually warm ; under it kindle the Coals of Honesty, and with the Bellows of Sincerity, blow away the Ashes (that obstruct its clearness) of Jesuitical Policy : Drink of it morning and evening, as warm as you can devoutly bear it ; and sometimes to quench your thirst, drink of the Cup of Temporality ; but beware of Spirituality, too much of that will bring you to a Relapse.

*Pope.* My Lord, I thank you ; but these Remedies cannot agree with my Constitution, and therefore dare not venture on them, since a squeamish Stomach, as I have too, would make me vomit it all up again.

*Card.* I am sorry they agree not with your Temper. But none can be more like me when I lived in the World, than you are : When I began to fall into Disgrace, I had just such a Looseness as you have now upon you ; though had I but taken the like Remedies I have prescribed to you, I had been freed from the Calamities I endured, as well out of the World, as in it. Adieu.

*As a Cloud of Mists and Vapours, hanging in the middle Region of Air, does by degrees dissolve and disappear from the Eye of the Beholder, even so did this*  
*bodiless*



boisterous Cardinal, from the view of the Pope, whom he left rather more disconsolate than he had found: But the entrance of a Jesuit, his particular Friend, (of the same Society with those that lived in the City of Rome) did something mitigate the troubles of his mind, who held the ensuing Discourse with him.

*Jesuit.* I come to thank your Holiness, in the Name of the rest of the Society, for the Bull you granted us against *Great Britain*: It was well meant, and in time I hope we shall draw that People from their Allegiance to their Prince, and make them pay Homage, according as their Duty binds them, to none but you.

*Pope.* I granted it to you freely; though at that instant a Prophetick Fancy did almost seem to tell me, that something beyond the reach of Sense or Nature, would obstruct our noble Design. I have summon'd all the infernal Crew to our assistance; not a Devil, either on the surface, or in the entrails of the Earth, but by my toilsom Endeavours, and your Necromantick Policy, doth put a helping hand to forward so great a Work.

*Jes.* And there is nothing we leave untryed, to perform our Duty to the holy See. We have set our Instruments at work, to deprive *England* of its Crown and Dignity, that thereby they may own you for their supream Head, as well in temporal as spiritual Affairs——

That word was scarce out of his mouth, when they heard a Voice as from under the ground, crying as loud as it could bawl, If you are for such Handiwork, take me into your Council. The Jesuit being well skilled in Conjurations, obliged the Thing that spoke, to appear before them; it was a rough-hewn, ill-faced Fellow, in a Priest's Garb.

*Jes.* From what Countrey art thou?

*Ghost.* I am a French Ghost, a *vostre* Service. I was called *Ravilliack* when I lived with Mortals, and my Name must needs inform you, that it was I murdred my King and Master *Henry* the 4th. It was your Reverend Society set me to work; and hearing you have now some such Business in hand to be executed in *England*, I took a flight from Hell, to know the certainty of it; and whether or no it is so exquisitely Diabolical, as our Monarch King *Lucifer* told us, when he spoke to us in commendation of the Deed, applauding the Contrivance, both for the advancement of your Honour and Interest, and for the propagation of his infernal Dominions. However I thought time had made you weary of these Actions, but I see the World must first be weary of you.

I stabb'd my King bravely; was it not a noble Act? And had not your Fraternity cheated me of my Soul, I should have had a good conceit of it still. I thought to have gone as directly to Heaven, as I did to be executed; I was obstinate, and relyed wholly upon the Absolution I had from the Pope, for that famous Deed, which I thought was enough, and more than enough, to keep me from the broad Road; nay, I denied upon my death, that any one counselled me to perform that Act, but owned it as done by my own Inclination, and did manfully say, (like a true *Roman Catholick*) that if it were to do again, I would do it. Thus I died, and thus I have received my Reward.

*Jes.* Thou art a very foolish Ghost; why shou'd you care where you go, when you are dead, provided you are true to the Church upon Earth? Can you think, Fool that you are, that you can endure too much (be it where it will, in the World or out of it) for the sake of the Church? Fie, fie! I wonder a Ghost of your Parts will talk so.

*Rav.* 'Tis true, I went Nobly to be damn'd, led by the Rule of your devout Maxims, and I esteemed the Murther I committed, a meritorious Act, and I think it hath proved so. For as your Society doth most piously instruct



all your Pupils, that Protestant Princes should be cut off, and that he or they that shall accomplish their Death, do merit Heaven thereby; I esteeming my Master King *Henry* inclined that way, and that he did design to send his Forces against his Holiness; egged on by the Fire of Devotion, and receiving Encouragement from you, I at length most happily accomplished this heroick Act, which hath rendred my Memory as superlatively famous, as it is possible for the deepest Infamy to render to after-Ages. My Name was most ingloriously extirpated the Realm of *France*, and those I judged that wou'd have been my Friends, and have extolled the Deed, did most worthily, to my everlasting shame, fill the whole World with bitter Invectives and Exclamations, against a thing I thought so just.

*Jes.* Thou hast been an honest well-meaning Fellow in thy life-time to the Church, and did boldly undertake to be damned, like a valiant Souldier of his Holiness, and therefore I will deal plainly with so worthy a Ghost, and reveal to thee some Secrets, which were not perhaps invented, when thou wert among Mortals; and I believe, thou art as honest a Ghost as thou wert a Man, and wou'd, if thou could live upon Earth again, be still devoted to serve us.

*Ra.* I fear I should not, more especially if I should be in the least sensible, that the Torments I now suffer, should be my Reward again.

*Jes.* Art thou still for this impertinent Talk? I thank *Lucifer*, we don't want thee; for we have those in the World that are as bold, nay rather bolder, than ever thou wert, that will drudge, and take as much and more pains to be damn'd, than ever thou didst——But to come to the purpose: We design first, since the King of *Great Britain* will be no *Roman Catholick*, to remove him out of the way, as an Obstacle to our Design——

*Ra.* How out of the way? As I did my Master?

*Jes.* Even so. Then having furnished with Arms and Ammunition, all the *English Romanists*, (and that is not a few) besides many Foreigners, that be at our beck, the time being appointed, and the sign given, they shall rise helter-skelter, cut Throats merrily, and make three Meals in a day of those Hetericks; which as it will be to the great Comfort of us Catholicks in general, so your Holiness will more particularly relish the Sweetness of such Transactions, in a more savoury manner, especially when you begin once more to receive *Peter-pence*, sell Absolutions, and redeem Souls from Purgatory in that Island, with innumerable many more Benefits, which will from thence accrue to the holy See, whereby you will treble your Revenues.

*Pope.* There's life in this Discourse: Methinks the power of it hath almost stopp'd my Loolness; Oh how I wou'd hug thee, if this day were come to pass!

*Ra.* I doubt you won't be altogether so successful as I have been.

*Pope.* Now thou shewest thy self a very ill-natured Ghost to me, in using these discouraging Expressions. Conduct me to my Close-stool again; Heart-sick! These laxative words have increased my Disease.

*Ra.* I had neither took upon me the trouble to come into the World, nor had the least suspicion of any thing, but that I heard Whisperings among the most notable of the damned Crew, as if the Mortals had invented new ways, to replenish the infernal Mansions with more Company; which if there be any Consolation to be had in those tormenting Dwellings, the hopes of this News did seem to give it them: Old *Nash* belched out nothing but Treasons and Murthers; and some of your Holiness's Predecessors, that I have the Honour to know there, cried out as loud as they could bawl, (as fill'd with Joy) Sedition, a Conspiracy, Cut, Hack, Destroy, Massacre. I seeing such an unusual Joy among the Damned, smelt a Rat, and prepared my self for a Journey

ney into the World : And having experienced when I lived there, that the most notorious Rebellions, the most blood-thirsty Treasons, the most savage Murthers, and impious Seditions, had commonly their Birth and first Contrivance, in all Ages, under your sacred Nose, I hapned to arrive in the nick of time into your presence, when this learned Jesuit and you were discoursing on such Affairs. But methinks if you consider the ill success your Designs have ever had against that Nation, it should dishearten you : But you do perhaps imagine, according to your Reason, that the ill-managing the former Plots, obstructed their desired Effects, without giving your self the least trouble to think, an over-ruling Power can withstand that controlling Force, your politick Contrivances carry along with them.

*Pope.* You don't talk as if you had so much Cunning as a Mortal, much less as a Ghost. The Revolution and Changes of Kingdoms, are sometimes wrought by our subtil Magick ; our Policy shall out-reach *Lucifer's* ; we have more ways to attain our damnable Ends, than ever *Proteus* had to turn himself into such various Shapes ; and to sympathize with him, we can turn our selves into more Shapes than ever he dream'd on. In Protestant Nations we can be one day a devout Divine, and the next a Porter ; sometimes we turn our selves into Persons of extraordinary Quality, and huff it with our Coach and six, when immediately after the Scene perhaps is changed, and we turn wilful Beggars ; sometimes we are illiterate Coxcombs, as Countrey-Clowns, Dunces, and seemingly Naturals ; then we render our selves Objects of Folly to the whole World, when in a small time afterwards, we are found arguing some deep Points in Philosophy, or some other piece of Learning, with Persons as knowing as our selves ; and then again, according to the Conveniency we find to prosecute our Purpose, none shall rail more against Popery than we ; none to appearance such true *English* Churchmen, *Quakers*, *Anabaptists*, *Presbyterians*, *Muggletonians*, and what not : No Sect whatsoever but we make use of, as Instruments to further our Contrivances ; sometimes we are looked upon as such devout men by the multitude, that we are raised to a Pulpit, to teach and instruct them ; then we make it our business to rail against Government, and with a subtil kind of tempting Rhetorick to praise Novelty ; this gains us immediately the hearts of the *Hydra*, or *Vulgar* : Thus the seeds of Sedition being pretty well sown, we begin to be assured of having laid a perfect Platform, towards the accomplishment of our Desires. But now we have made use of these Tricks so often, that the *British* Hereticks are grown so wary to keep us at a distance, to our great trouble, though the study of our Politicks affords us new ways to be even with them.

*Ra.* This is incomparable ! We Ghosts have Cunning enough in us, but that that mass of Flesh, that gross Substance, called Man, should sound to that depth of diabolical Policy, it's enough to make not only me, but all the *Demons* and *Cacodemons* in Hell, bless themselves, which they don't use to do.

*Jes.* Because I won't lye, nor equivocate with a Ghost, as I do with Mortals, I will acquaint you what I my self did at *Rouen* in *France*, with a Brother-Confederate of mine : You know there are a great quantity of Protestants in that Kingdom, whom we style *Hugonots* ; I had order'd my Confederate to personate a zealous one ; and I was to meet him at such a Place in the Street, (it was in a Street we knew to be well stored with *Hugonots*.) After we had seemed for some time to discourse of very indifferent Matters, (according to the Design we had laid) there began between us as loud, as eager a Dispute, he arguing for the Protestants, and I for the Papists ; our Discourse was so hot and high, that in an instant we had a great croud of both Sects encompassing us, to hear us. After we had gathered a good Congregation, my Confederate did by degrees seem to yield to the force of my Arguments, and at length



length after a great many *pro's* and *con's*, wholly to be convinced, and consequently converted to the Church of *Rome*, and made me a faithful promise, (loud enough that the People might hear) to go to *Mafs* the next opportunity. The Effect answered our Expectation, for the Catholick Party immediately set up a great shout, and the most ignorant of the Protestants followed the Steps of my Confederate, and went to *Mafs* too.

*Pope.* You see, worthy *Ravilliack*, the Religious means we are forced sometimes to use, to bring that obstinate People to pay their Duty to the triple Crown.

*Ra.* Such like politick Traps we used in the Age I lived in the World, which sometimes miscarried, and when we could not catch them, as we wou'd have them; then we were constrained to use Force, and dispatch them out of the World, with all the modest Expedition we could. But now methinks I am wanted in *Acheron*, whose Inhabitants, I fear, already grumble at my long stay in the World. In being forced to return then, I remain your Holiness's very humble Servant: Commend me to all those of your Acquaintance, that take care to follow my Track, by seeking to wash their hands in the Blood of Princes.

*This Ghost had some Manners in him, for he vanished with a Complement in his mouth, and left the Pope and the Jesuit by themselves, who were many days consulting the great Affair, of turning England upon her Head, and to strip her of all her graceful Ornaments, that her Nakedness might render her contemptible, and her Contempt make her appear in the view of all Europe, to be the greatest Slave that ever Rome trampled under foot; but the time is not come. One day when they were in very private Discourse, word was brought his Holiness, that there was a Gentleman in his Palace, who waited with much earnestness to speak with him; that he had something of Importance to communicate to his Holiness, and that his Garb spoke him a Traveller. Entrance was immediately commanded to be given him; when being come, he thus began.*

*Trav.* The Affection I bear your Holiness, hath occasioned my travelling some hundreds of miles out of my way, not only to pay my Duty at your sacred Feet, but likewise to give you intelligence of some Passages in the World, relating to the Church.

*Pope.* Thou hast done like a dutiful Son, and my Benediction shall protect thee, *vi & armis*, where-ever thou goest.

*Trav.* I have made it my Business to travel all my Life; hardly a Mouse-hole, or Corner of the known World, but I have been, or peep'd in: I have been Eastward 10000 Leagues beyond the Walls that separate *China* from *Tartaria*; I have washed my Face and Hands in the Clouds 7 years together without omission; then it was I was going to take a Journey through the middle Region of Air, to visit the Inhabitants of the Sun, Moon and Stars, when my Tackling (which were some Egg-shells, filled with *May-Dew*, and a light Wicker Chair) was not rightly fixed, which disappointed my intent. I have sailed from *Grand Caire*, upon the Borders of *Nyle*, to *Lapland*, in a Cock-boat, where I had a great deal of good Advice given me to turn Wizzard, though the commanding Power of my Amber-Beads and Crucifix, made their Attempt fruitless. But that which moved in me the greatest Surprizal, was at a time when I was at Dinner with *Prefter John*, comes me to the Table something, I profess, that half frightened me——I dare hardly presume to tell your Holiness, because being an abuse to you, it may offend you; it was done, as I understood afterwards, by the Power of Magick.

*Pope.* Tell it me, Son, and fear not.

*Trav.* Your Commands must be obeyed. Then wonder not if I tell you, That that Head you have now upon your Shoulders, (or it seemed to be the same)

same) was brought in, (upon a large silver Dish) well dressed, and seasoned with Hereticks Blood, and well larded with the fattest Bulls and Dispensations, that your Holiness hath dispersed since you came to the Popedom. After this came in the Head of Pope *Pascal* the first; and as a token that he was the first that constituted Cardinals, it was surrounded with variety of Cardinals Heads, seasoned with the Brains of divers Jesuits, and garnished with red Caps.

*Pope.* Monstrous! *Prester John* shall repent putting these Abuses upon me.

*Jes.* Abominable! I'll instantly hire a *Ravilliack* to kill him.

*Trav.* This is not all yet. He took upon him the boldness to ask me to eat some of these Dainties (as he called them) with him; but I abhorring the very thoughts of so foul a Deed, wou'd touch none: Whereupon, like a wicked Heathen as he is, he asked me, Why I was more merciful to my holy Father, than to my God, whom I could swallow without the least scruple of Conscience? These Sights and Stories frightened me from his Court, when I took my leave of him, and went directly for *France*.

*Pope.* *Prester John* is a very ill-bred wicked Man: From this time forward, the Country he is Master of, is none of his own, I bestow it on one of my Nephews.

*Trav.* When I came for *France*, there it was I heard a great talk of a Plot, intended to subvert the Government, and cry down the Religion of *Great Britain*, and that it was contrived, and to be carried on by your Holiness, the Jesuits, and the most zealous of the Laity; although by the joking of the *Frenchmen*, and their sneering at such a Report, made it appear, that it was not believed for a truth in that Kingdom. Now I had so good an opinion of your Holiness, that I knew you wou'd pretermitt no opportunity, wherein you might propagate and advance your Interest, and *per consequens*, that of the Church, let it be where, or how it will: Why should you not pull now at that heretical Kingdom, as well as your Predecessors have tugged at it formerly?

*Pope.* Son, You speak the truth, and the good opinion you have of me, (though it be your duty to have no other) I have endeavoured to deserve.

*Trav.* I doubt it not. But to come to my purpose: Being at *Paris*, and hearing there the several Censures of this Plot, the noise of it had almost tired my Senses, when I took a resolution to divert myself, by seeing a new Play which was to be acted: Whence it comes in my Head to tell you a pleasant Passage I observed in it. Enters a Traveller, (as I may be) and his Friend, who after he had given him an Account of a great many more and stranger Places, than I have been at, told him, that now he came from *England*, where travelling on the Banks of the *Thames*, he spied at a small distance from him, a glorious Fleet of Ships, riding at Anchor, among which there was one of a larger bulk, and of a more beautiful aspect, than the rest. This Traveller had a short Cloak on, with a pair of Boots, that reached up to his Arm-pits; this stately Ship, says he, carried 100 brass Guns: Standing on the Shore, proceeded he, to view it more fully, it appeared to my Eye, as if it had sprung a Leak, and was sinking; I taking pity of it, (for it wou'd have grieved me to have seen such a delightful Object perish) hung my Cloak over it, and carried it away under my Arm. His Friend wanting that Faith, which a great many of us Catholicks are strongly possessed with, did seem to doubt of the truth of what was told him, and begun to question the probability of it. Since you are so hard of belief, said he, take a Voyage into *England*, where you shall find two substantial Witnesses, ready to vouch and swear to the truth of it.

When the Play was done, I went to my Lodging, and there begun to ponder upon this Subject; I fancied to myself, that there was some extraordinary mystery in it, and therefore could find no quiet nor peace in my mind, till I had given that Island a Visit: When coming to *London*, I found the Rumour of



of a Plot, so much laughed at in *France*, a comfortable Truth, to the everlasting Credit and Honour of the holy See. I likewise found the two substantial Witnesses, vouching to things far more probable, than the Ship with 100 brass Guns; for by more than meer Circumstances, they have vouched some of our dear Friends to a Gallows, and there are more, I fear, that must in their due order follow; which thing, though it may multiply the Catalogue of *Roman* Saints and Martyrs, yet to see the detriment this Discovery hath done our holy Church, made me burst out in tears.

*Pope.* Oh my industrious Devil, without thee I am undone! Where art thou? I fear thou hast made but small progress now in the Errand I sent thee for: Oh my Stomach! — my Guts! how I am griped? Let me but out-live this Disgrace, and the next Plot shall make amends.

*Trav.* I thought to have stayed there longer, but a general Search being made for Priests and Jesuits, made me sick to come away; and my zeal to your Holiness led me hither, to acquaint you with this News: And now I have performed my Duty, I shall depart contentedly for *India*, where I am now going. Holy Father, farewell, and if Heaven won't smile upon your Endeavours, may Hell's Flatteries please you, its Power assist you, and its Injustice protect you, under its sable wings.

*Pope.* Adieu, and peace be with you, but (I mean now you are gone) that the worst of my Curses may light upon you, for coming to fill my Ears with this Din. What a prodigious Looseness have I got now? This must surely kill me, which if I am sensible of, after I have given my self an Absolution for the sins I have been guilty of, (if Popes can commit any) and when I have begged my own pardon for my past failings, especially that great one, (I mean the miscarriage of this Plot) I shall die with some content.

*Jes.* Be comforted, holy Father, and expect the Return of your familiar Master and Servant *Lucifer*, who will doubtless give a more full Account than this impertinent Traveller. Travellers are made up of lyes; you may put more faith in one Devil, than in twenty mortal Travellers.

*At this instant the Clouds began to thicken, the Air to whisper, and a noise was heard, as proceeding from the bowels of the Earth, when suddenly one part of the Heavens seemed at variance with another, by the terrible blustering of all the Winds, and the thick and dark hollow Clouds, did with their hanging bellies, cover the tops of Towers and Steeples, which filled with Thunder, raised a general Consternation in all Roman Catholick Kingdoms, more especially in the City of Rome, when the infernal Monarch, at the musick of a horrid clap of Thunder, made his Entry through the Ceiling, into the Pope's presence.*

*Luci.* Freight with more Confusion, than my infernal Dominions are stored with; struck with more Terror, than those brimstonny Mansions afford the Damned, I am comfortlessly come to tell thee, That the All-commanding Hand hath with-held my Power, the All-discerning Eye of Heaven hath pryed into our secret Councils, and that Hell must be enlarged, to contain those Mortals, that are hastning to my Kingdom. Although my diligent Endeavours can deserve no blame: I have, according to my Nature, compassed the World, seeking whom I may devour; nay further, according to my usual Tenent, which you Jesuits have politickly borrowed from me, I have appeared like an Angel of Light, to seduce Man: I have filled not only *England*, but all the World, with the most notorious Heresies, (to make way for Sedition, and consequently Murthers and Treasons) that it is possible for the large reach of a Devil to invent or fathom. And though this Plot hath been discovered, yet the devout Catholicks, that suffered for the same, I have caused, according to the usual Jesuitical Mode, to deny, with an excellent Impudence, the Charge they were found guilty of. At their very Deaths, I have gone so far, as to procure a Writing to be put in one of the Pockets of those that were hanged, who indeed could neither write nor read, (and therein my

Cun-

Cunning faſed me) in which he declared his Innocency, hypocritically prayed for the King, and manfully reviled the Judges that condemned him. That which induced them to do this, was cunningly extracted from the vertue of your Abſolutions, and their thoughts filled with the hopes of being freed from the pains of Purgatory. All this I have done, and cauſed to be done, by Jeſuitical Inſtruments, to make thoſe, Hereticks miſ-underſtand us, and have a more charitable belief of us, than to think that ever any Plot was intended.

*Pope.* And could you do no good? Were they ſuch Infidels, not to believe what you had ſpread among them?

*Luci.* No, on the contrary, they are rather more eager to proceed, and to ſearch into the very bottom of it; and the general Council of that Nation, who in ſpite of my teeth, will pretend to honour and obey their King, will, as I heard ſay, ſtick by him, and venture their Lives and Fortunes for him, and the publick Good. Oh that I had ſome moiſture in my Eyes, that I could but ſhed a Tear for ſo great a Diſappointment!

*Pope.* Hold—Hold me up; I ſhall faint away; ſet me upon my Cloſe-ſtool; my Guts! my Guts! Oh this Loofeneſs!

*Jef.* Patience. Let's hear him out; perhaps it is not altogether ſo bad: Come, my faithful *Demon*, proceed.

*Luci.* The telling the reſt is enough to break a Devil's heart, I am ready to cry at the thoughts of it; however ſince it muſt out, it ſhall. Juſt as I was coming away to compleat my damnable Miſery, I was crept into a hollow Cliff by the Sea-ſide, ready to ſail through my uſual Road, the Air, for *Rome*, when at the entrance of it, I found this Scrowl, [which he gave to the Pope] and immediately after, an unuſual Luſtre, brighter than the Sun in his Meridian Glory, filled me with both Terror and Amazement; amidſt the Rays, appeared a beautiful Being, in ſhape like Man, but had ſomething more pure and perfect in it; at firſt my diabolical Knowledge could not conſtrue what it was, till the words it pronounced, (which were the ſame your Holineſs hath in the Scrowl) made me take it for *England's* good Angel. Terrified I was to ſome purpoſe, eſpecially when he pronounced the Name of *Jehovah* with ſuch an Emphaſis, and would thereupon have run away, had not this bright Being with-held me, and given me Command to hear him out. There was no reſiſting, I muſt do it; and then he charged me to give the Scrowl to the Biſhop of *Rome*, which Commiſſion I had likewiſe no power to reſuſe, and now your Holineſs may peruſe it.

*Pope.* Oh me! I have no—Stomach to read, here (ſaid he, giving it to the Jeſuit) do you read it.

*Luci.* Let me firſt be gone.

*Pope.* Thou art at liberty, but with thee my hopes are now gone too.

*With that the Devil in an inſtant dived into the Ground, like a Duck in the Water, and the Jeſuit read the following lines to the Pope.*

### By *England's* Guardian-Angel.

From the bright Orb of everlaſting day,  
Where deathleſſ Glory bears triumphant ſway;  
From the Abyſs of ever-during Joy,  
Where nought, dull and terrene, doth us annoy,  
Where Souls reſin'd, piercing as light, appear,  
Cloath'd with the beams of Purity; th' Sphear,  
Where Hallelujahs melt admiring Hearts,  
With more diviner Joys, not mix'd with Arts,  
But ſweet ceſtial Raptures, ſung in praiſe  
Of Great *Jehovah*, midſt his heavenly Rays,  
I come: To thee my Charge, dear *England*, ſent  
From the Protector of the Innocent,

With Power to prevent the threatening doom,  
Hatch'd in Hell's Bowels, and the Heart of *Rome*.  
Oh! doſt thou tremble? Fiend, haſte to be gone,  
To thy infernal Cave and Maſſion,  
Or to th' Cabal of Jeſuits; thy Friends  
Have new Deſigns to make ſome ſweet amends,  
For the miſcarriage of the latter; go,  
And think that Heaven won't prevent that too.  
Let me embrace thee in my folded Arms,  
My deareſt Charge, to ſave thee from all Harms,  
That Hell and *Rome* can equally invent,  
To colour thee with Blood and Diſcontent.

Run



*Run on blind Romanists in Cruelty still,  
And think that Providence can't prevent your will,  
And that you may your selves the more deceive,  
Your own invented Cruelty don't believe,  
Delude your Fancies, politickly plot,  
For your own Int'rest, nought shou'd be forgot.  
Do this and more, if worse can be than Evil,  
To glad your best devoted Friend, the Devil.  
While I protect my Charge : But Heaven  
Hath a more sacred One to Raphael given,  
Britain's Great Monarch, great, next being divine,  
The mortal Emblem (that below doth shine)  
Of the immortal Being, him hath he  
From th' heavenly Power, in his security.*

*Rome shall look sad, and tremble, to perceive,  
She could the Eye of Providence not deceive.  
Live happy, Mighty Monarch, live to see,  
The downfall of so cruel an Enemy.  
Great was his aim at thy too precious Life ;  
But the All-stretching Hand, before 'twas rise  
For Action, guided my more willing Arm,  
To stop the Blow, & obstru'd so great a Harm.  
For thee a more delightful Fate's design'd ;  
Heav'n to Majestick Souls is ever kind.  
Traitors shall die, while loyal Hearts do sing,  
With Tears of Love, Great God, preserve the King.*

*Pope.* This don't relish with me ; this racking Torment destroys me, that's most certain : Yet my Disease is not altogether so loathsome to my self, as the scent of it is fulsome to the rest of the Christian World, that we should fail in the execution of this renowned Design, after we had spent so much Time and Oyl in studying and contriving. Carry me to my Close-stool again, I cannot bear it.

*Jes.* Most holy Father, The Experience you have had in this World, which I may well say, doth parallel your years, shou'd, if I may presume to give my weak Opinion, not dishearten the prosecution of your Interest. Look back a little, I beseech you, upon the Times past, and observe the Transactions of those Ages, when our Plots were crown'd with Success. In the year 1561. although the *Hugonots* in France obtained many signal Victories against us *Romanists*, we at length outstript them in Policy, when by contriving a Match for the Admiral of France, the Head of the *Hugonots*, we wheedled him to *Paris*, with all his Followers, a great many of the Nobility being among them, as the Prince of *Conde*, and others; when coming according to the Agreement of both Parties, unarmed, and when we had given them our Faith, that they should not be molested, nor have the least affront or injury offered to them, [but you know our Jesuitical Maxim, to keep no Faith with Hereticks] the Marriage was solemnized, with all the Triumphs that are requisite for such a day, when, in fine, nothing of a Design being dream't on against that Party, the Admiral not being beloved by the Commonalty, had a Guard seemingly for his safety, but indeed intended for his destruction. He had been shot some time before from a Window, as he passed along the Streets, by a Party unknown, and at this instant lay ill of his Wounds ; when one day, hearing a noise of Arms in his House, and having very few Persons with him, the principal whereof were two Chirurgions, a Minister, and one or two Servants, yet to shew himself a Man, would not seem daunted ; but hearing the noise approach his Chamber, he caused his Friends about him to lift him out of his Bed, and putting on a Night-Gown, stood upon his Feet, and bade his Servants and Friends to shift for themselves, and to take no care for him : At length they broke into his Chamber, and in that defenceless posture, valiantly run a Sword in his Bowels, then struck him down with a blow on the Head, when another, with a most undaunted courage, shot him through the Breast with a Pistol, when the Duke of *Guise*, a true *Romanist* as ever pist, staying in the Court, cried out aloud, and asked, if the Work was done ; answer being made it was, then cried the Duke of *Guise*, if such a one, (meaning King *Henry's* Bastard) don't see it with his Eyes, he will not believe it ; I throw him out at Window : Then, to the joy of all bloody Hearts, down they threw him; which noble Act being performed, his Face being covered with Blood, by means of the Wound in his Head, for which reason it was difficult to discover, whether it was he or no ; but the Duke of *Guise* to be certain, kneeled on the Ground, and wiping him with a Napkin, Now, said he, I know him, it is he. The Rage they exercised upon his dead Carcass, by cutting off his Head, and most of his

other Members; and then to drag him to the common Gallows, and there to Hang him up by the Feet, was a Deed worthy of none but *Roman Catholicks*; his Death was accompanied with the delicious murdering of about 100000 *Hugonots* more; for they gave them a Pattern at *Paris*, which they immediately imitated over the whole Kingdom.

*Pope.* This is a healing Story, but it will work no Cure in me, for I grow worse.

*Jes.* I thought the Ghost of *Guy Faux*, and Bishop *Banner*, would have paid their Respects to your Holiness at this time too. There was an Age for you, that the latter lived in, when they sent the *English* Hereticks hissing into the other World; that was a blessed Time: But for *Guy Faux*, let us not talk of him, and I fear too, that his Ghost is ashamed to appear amongst us, he was served as we are now—Mum—not a word more of him. But when I think of *Ireland*, that Thought makes my Heart laugh within me; he that occupied the holy Chair thence, reeled like a drunken Man; and truly, since your Holiness hath given my Tongue freedom in your presence, I do think in my Conscience, that the superfluity he tasted of those Hereticks Blood, did soundly fox him.

*Pope.* Call in my Chamberlains, and let me be carried to my Bed, I am sick to death: Call in my Secretaries; for because I will die like a true Father of the Church, my last Will and Testament, that I intend to leave behind me, shall shew how much like a Pope I died.

Upon Order given, he was removed, his Secretary called to him, who in obedience to his Commands, drew the following Will, wherein he hath left a great many necessary Legacies.

### The Pope's Last Will and Testament.

**I** Give and bequeath my Soul to the Lot of him it falls to; my Body to the Earth, there to be decently interred with all the humble Magnificence, meek Pride, and affected Ostentation, of my Predecessors. To my very cordial Friend, the Great Turk, all the domineering Power, Religious Tyranny, and exquisite Cruelty, that shall remain among the Clergy at my decease. Item, I give all the Nuns within my Reach and Power, to be sent to the Seraglio at Constantinople, and their Chastity therein to be preserved by the Great Turk, with the same Discretion it was in the Nunneries. Item, All the Priests and Friars I can grasp, I likewise give and bequeath to my trusty Friend the Grand Seignior, to be castrated, and created Eunuchs, to be sent to the Seraglio, to give their Attendance on the aforesaid Nuns. To the Barbarians of Africa, I give all the Jesuits that shall be in my power at my decease, that they may teach them Christian Cruelty, and the way to Hell, by seeming to aim at Heaven. Item, To the Jews, who though they are my Enemies, I give and bequeath the Art and Power of Transubstantiation, that they may eat our Saviour with the same Conscience they crucified him. To the Witches of Lapland, all my Amulets, Charms, Miracles, Exorcisms, Conjurations, Imprecations, and Excommunications, for the use and benefit of them and their Heirs for ever. To the Kingdom of England, as many Curses, as there are Letters in this my last Will and Testament. Witness my Hand and Seal,

In the Presence of

Papa Ecclesie Romanæ.

Antonio Supersticioso,

Cardinalis Superbus,

Don Diego Irreligioso.

FINIS.